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Starfish Waving to Me from the Strand

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Matthew Rohrer

JOYFULLY, BUT BRIEFLY

I couldn't draw because I hated the model,
she was aggressively fat.
She looked like she'd been floating in a river
for 3 days. To be sure I prodded her with a long stick
and she rolled over and leaked a foul gas
that spread along the ground crippling insects.
A pony dragged a carriage through the park
disconcerting me joyfully, but briefly.
The model crawled back into her stance,
an aura of art around her, I couldn't tap into it.
It smoked and drifted up to the trees,
they sucked it in their lungs. They're called leaves,
but they're lungs.

STARFISH WAVING TO ME FROM THE STRAND

I wobble unsteadily under the blue atmosphere,
it's like a tent without walls or top
pitched in blackness.
When I pay close attention to my senses I become immobile.
I'm stuck living each moment
instead of taking great strides across them.
And these are lonely moments.
Without her this desiccated starfish is my only friend,
starfish waving to me from the sand.
Last night an overcoat beckoned to me from the closet.
But that was the whole of our frustrating discussion.
I went back to stare at her portrait by my bed.
To fall asleep and dream of her portrait rippling
on the Ghost Ship's sails.
The rigging creaking was someone's sighs,
but what kind, and whose?